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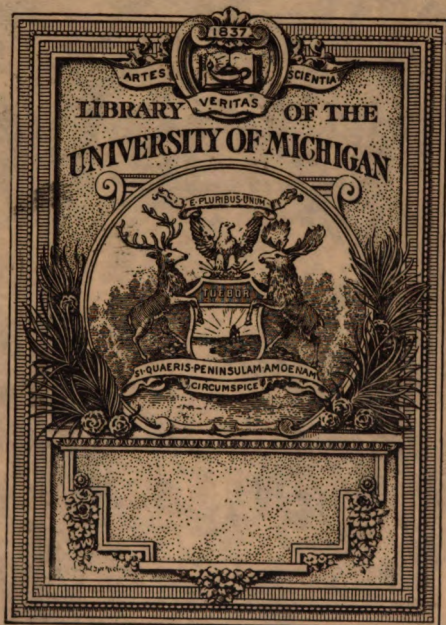
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*Addresses Delivered by Justice David J.
Brewer & Mr. Warner Van Norden ... on ...*

Warner Van Norden, David Josiah Brewer



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ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT
LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
BY JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER
AND MR. WARNER VAN NORDEN

ADDRESSES DELIVERED

BY

**JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER
AND MR. WARNER VAN NORDEN**

AT

LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE

**ON JULY THE FOURTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT**



MOHONK LAKE, ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y.

The Morrill Press, Fulton, N. Y.

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ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE

MR. SMILEY'S REMARKS

FOR some years past it has seemed best to the management of this house that appropriate exercises be held on the Fourth of July in recognition and appreciation of the true greatness of this country. We feel, as many of you doubtless feel, that at the present time there is not on the part of the American people a proper appreciation of what the United States stands for as a home of liberty and individual opportunity. The Fourth of July has too often been made an occasion to sound the praises of war and of military achievements. The day should rather symbolize to us something grander than arms and battlefields. Our true greatness does not lie in these things. The Declaration of Independence marked the introduction of a free form of government, and it is the growth of that government and the prosperity and opportunities that it has made possible that should be especially remembered on occasions of this kind.

There is no country in the world where the common people have such privileges and opportunities as in the United States. Every man has the opportunity to rise in exact proportion to his ability and his willingness to work. Barring occasional and unusual misfortunes, any man can now rise to a position of at least moderate affluence and educate his children so that they also will be prepared to rise. The sick, the poor, the blind and other unfortunates are cared for in public institutions and, when necessary, at public expense. Our government gives a very great amount of assistance and protection in return for the small demands it makes upon the individual, and yet we live along in safety and comfort and seldom think about these privileges. Indeed, there is perhaps more dissatisfaction among the masses of the people of this country than in any other country in the world, with a possible

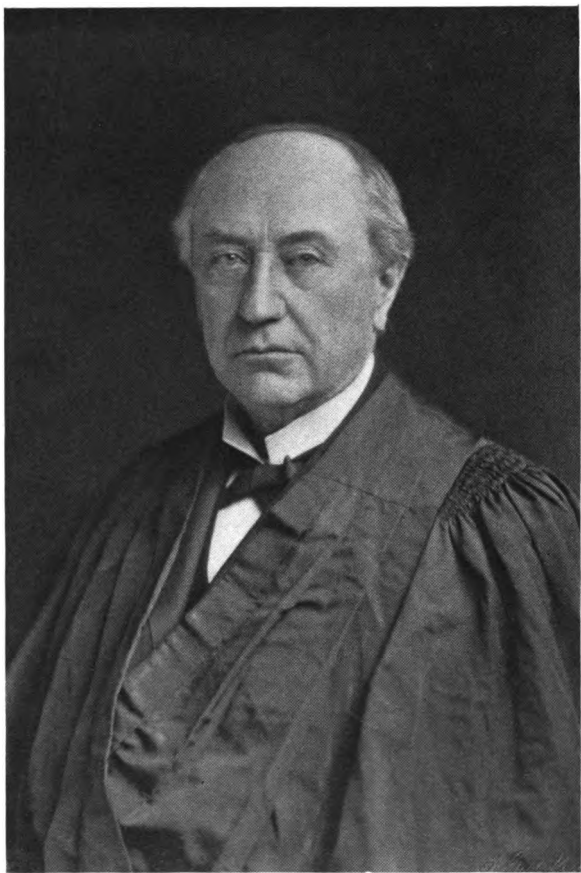
exception of Turkey and Russia. Our people should be led to consider this better aspect of affairs. We should teach the people that the Stars and Stripes stand not only for our military achievements but that it stands for this country as a whole—for its form of government, its prosperity and the prosperity and interest of every one of its citizens. We are taking a million or more foreigners into the United States every year. Most of them will become American citizens, and whatever we can do to teach them the real meaning of the flag and enlighten them as to their opportunities is a true work of patriotism. We propose to do our part by holding exercises of this kind each year.

We have as speakers this evening two gentlemen of distinction; one a well-known financier and philanthropist, the other a justice of the highest court in our country. I take pleasure in introducing the first speaker, Mr. Warner Van Norden, of New York City.

MR. VAN NORDEN'S ADDRESS

Mr. Smiley and friends: The superficial observer is apt to look upon the Declaration of Independence as one of those events which took place in the ordinary course of affairs and without much preparation; the meeting together of a few leading patriots, and goaded by a sense of injustice, giving expression to their grievances in a declaration that has been so full of momentous results.

We need to look back much further than the Fourth of July, 1776, to realize the great forces that were at work to produce the Declaration of Independence. The student of history contemplates the Revolution which gave liberty to England, which overthrew tyranny and brought about the Commonwealth, and later developments in the growth of the race. We read about Cromwell and what his Roundheads did, but the great events which produced the movement were not momentary, they extended away back into the past. It was the translation of the Bible by Wycliffe, it was the



David H. Brewer

teachings of the reformers, it was the English home with all its influences, that produced the Puritan, that enabled Cromwell's Ironsides, when the crisis came, to stand up against the powdered and perfumed soldiers of King Charles, and win the great victories of Naseby of Preston, of Dunbar, and of Worcester.

And so, in our own country. I have been reading of the battle of Gettysburg. On that momentous day General Howard, with a small body of troops, arriving on the ground ahead of the main army, chose Cemetery Hill as the place on which the Union troops should make their stand. He held it against superior forces, and it became the key to the position of the Union army. This enabled us to win the victory which was the turning point of the Civil war.

Now, all that was not done in a moment. We have to go back to the home in Maine, where General Howard was nurtured by a pious mother. We have to go back to the homes all over the land, where those soldiers who fought the battle and who won the victory were trained by poverty, by hardships, and by daily labor; by precept and example, to fulfil the duties of the citizen and of the soldier, and when the crisis came they were able to do their part. So with the Declaration of Independence. A hundred years of circumstances had conspired to bring about the great event which we are celebrating here tonight. Not only a hundred years, but a thousand years. We have to go back even further than the English Revolution, or the struggle in the Netherlands, or the Huguenot martyrs. The basis of all good government is found in parchments that now lie in the archives of Oxford and Cambridge. In the gospels that were sent by Pope Gregory to Augustine of Canterbury in the sixteenth century, we have the foundation of all England's glory and of all England's subsequent success and power. We rejoice that England is today sending throughout the world her commerce, that she is sending her law and her justice, and we rejoice more than all that England is today sending the English Bible into every part of the earth, that Bible on which is founded our own republic.

The small body of men that assembled in Philadelphia, homely in appearance, many of them plain farmers, the leader of them a man in sober dress, not at all distinguished in appearance; that little group made a declaration which has been productive of mighty results. A thing need not be great even in appearance, to be worthily celebrated. If you can tell me the time when the needle of the mariner's compass first poised upon its pivot, pointing to the north, relieving the seaman from the dangerous headlands and the rocks which he had been accustomed to hug when going to sea; if you can tell me the time when the fingers first handled movable types, which enabled men to reproduce their thoughts ten thousand fold and to send them throughout the world; if you can tell me when the telegraph wire first produced its articulate message carrying man's thoughts an indefinite distance, and which is today making all nations neighbors to each other, we might well celebrate all of those events. It was the birth of a babe in a Jewish manger which opened the new era of Christendom; that babe who is today the Sovereign Lord of all the earth, and who is carrying His victorious banners into every part of the globe. We celebrate such, not for their splendor, but for the immense consequences which have ever since flowed from them.

Incessant labor was the primary teacher of our forefathers. A continent was before them to be subdued, and with few and poor instruments. With axe and hoe, mattock and plow, they were to conquer an undefined wilderness; with no land behind to which to retreat, with only the ocean in the rear. To the spirit of industry were added ardor and fortitude by those whose fathers had followed Coligni, by the children of those whom Alva and Parma could not conquer. With savages in the woods, and the gray wolf prowling around its cabins, the hand of this people was from the first as familiar with the gun-stock as with the mattock or plow; "and it spent more life in proportion to its numbers, from 1607 to 1776, in protecting itself against violent assault, than was spent by France, the most martial of kingdoms, on all the bloody fields of Europe."

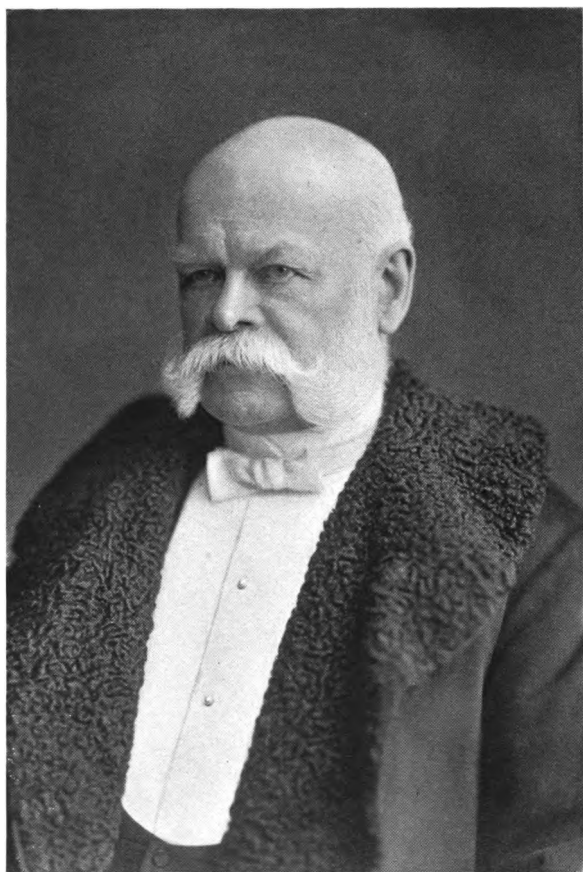
Only thirty years ago, on my first visit to California, I went with a friend to the mining district in the Sierras. One summer evening we sat upon the flume looking over the landscape. My friend was a distinguished man of great ability. In the distance the sun was setting, reflecting its light on the dome of the capitol of the state, at Sacramento, twenty miles off. He turned to me and said suddenly: "Mr. Van Norden I would like to be you for one reason, that you are thirty years younger than I am, and they are going to be thirty of the greatest years the world has ever seen." He is dead now, but his words were prophetic. He and I used to talk about how we could send power down into the mines. An engine would fill the mine with smoke and gases, and yet we must have power to run the drills, etc., using compressed air. How easy today, just to drop a wire down and send the power of electricity. At that time there was but a single railroad running across the continent, which took a single sleeping-car each day—I travelled in it myself—one sleeping-car a day on the one railroad which ran across the continent. Look at the difference now, with six great trunk lines sending out more than a dozen trains and more than a hundred sleeping-cars each day.

As we go on year by year reading in the newspapers of the dreadful things that are occurring; wicked rich men, wicked politicians, and wicked men of all kinds, we are apt to feel that we have fallen on very evil times. But are we any worse than our fathers were? John Adams in 1776 was Secretary of War. He wrote a letter which is still in existence, and told of the terrible corruption that prevailed in the country; he told how everybody was trying to rob the soldiers, rob the War Department, and he said he was really ashamed of the times in which he lived. When Jefferson was President of the United States it was thought that the whole country was going to be given over to French infidelity. When Jackson was President people thought the country ruined, because of his action in regard to the United States Bank. And we know how in Polk's time the Mexican war was an era of rascality and dishonesty that appalled the whole country.

The fact is that at the present time the bright light of inquiry is turned upon all these things and we know about them, as they did not know in old times; things are investigated and we know the worst as well as the best.

Enjoying our greatness we need not make invidious comparisons with foreign nations. Our growth has been marvelous beyond precedent, but our fathers came from those old lands, and we are part of them. England gave us Hampden and Pym and Cromwell, and in later years Gladstone and Wilberforce. France gave us Henry of Navarre and a host of Huguenot saints, who yielded their lives for the cause that they believed in. It gave us, too, Joan of Arc, one of the noblest and grandest characters of all history. Living in an age when men were notoriously dishonest, she was true; in an age of licentiousness, she was pure as an angel. She lived in an age when it was a merit to tell a falsehood, and she was truth herself and knew nothing about a lie. When she delivered her country, when she had driven the English away from Orleans, and saved the land which she loved; had saved the king, unworthy as he was, when he was just about to abdicate and leave the country; when she crowned him King of France in the magnificent cathedral of Rheims; when she seemed to have every reward open to her, and a man in her place would have asked the highest honors; what was her request? That she might be permitted to go back to the old home in Domrémy, and there pillow her head upon her mother's bosom and find rest, and that she might help her mother and father take care of the flock of sheep. Hers was one of the most beautiful characters in history. Germany has given us Martin Luther and a host of grand and noble men who have added to the happiness and usefulness of the race. And so with Holland and the other nations. Rather let us say to all other peoples the words that Longfellow addressed to the Anglo-Saxon:

“Thicker than water, in one rill,
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
Its shadow and its glory.”



Harner Van Norden

This is a peace-loving nation. After our great war none of us knew what would happen. We had a victorious army, men used to fighting, men that had broken away from the constraints of home. The great soldier of all said, "Let us have peace," the words inscribed over his tomb. And he offered not the halter, nor confiscation, to his enemies, such penalty as had always been the rule in previous centuries, but he tendered them simply the fruits of peace, asking them to go back to their homes and attend to their ordinary vocations. We all know what England did for us during the war—they are sorry for it now, and we forgive them—but England was very hateful to us, and did all she could to ruin this nation. She drove our commerce off the ocean, she fitted out privateers to destroy our vessels, she did everything she could to overturn our government. The end of the war came. We had nearly a million men under arms, the best soldiers in the world; we had the largest navy we had ever had, abundantly able to cope with any navy in the world; a war with England would have been popular. What did we do? This great nation at the summit of its power, with right on its side, and with passion behind it, submitted the whole question to the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva, when it was discussed calmly, in a room, by the representatives of the two nations and decided satisfactorily to both. Surely this is a peace-loving nation, whatever may be thought of some of the recent events which some of us do not fully approve of and think unwise.

We stand in the presence of a commanding past. We look upon the country as it is today, this wonderful land, with its mighty population, with the great inventions which we have given to the world, the electric telegraph, the reaper and other implements which enable the farmer to do his work so successfully, the sewing machine which has revolutionized the home and method of dress, the typewriter which has added to the facilities of commerce, and the hundred other inventions of various kinds which have made our country prominent for its inventive genius throughout the world.

It is a very interesting fact, and I have taken the liberty of copying his words—Edmund Burke in March, 1775, in the

British Parliament, in a famous speech that he made, which probably many of you have read, it is called the "Conciliation of the Colonies," used these words in regard to the population of the colonies, and they seem the words of prophecy: "State the numbers of the colonies as high as we will, whilst the dispute continues the exaggeration ends. Your children do not grow faster from infancy to manhood, than they spread from families to communities and from villages to nations."

Today we are supplying the world with its foods, at least with a surplus of food which keeps them from suffering. We are supplying them with a hundred other articles of necessity, and we have a foreign commerce of more than three thousand millions of dollars, the largest in the world excepting that of Great Britain.

We have come to an era of temporary depression, but an era, take it altogether, of marvelous prosperity. There are now forty-six stars on our flag. Our area has been added to by the purchase of Alaska, and more recently by the islands of the sea. We have gone on increasing immeasurably in wealth. Our country within the memory of men now living, has grown from insignificance to great power, its population approaching one hundred million. Our arms are invincible, our resources are inexhaustible, our freedom is the refuge of all mankind. The reality has exceeded the dreams of the most sanguine, and we have reason to believe that He who has brought us "out into a large place," will lead our children to still richer possessions, nobler achievements, and a faith yet more divine.

Mr. Smiley: You are now to listen to an address by a man whom the nation loves to honor, a man who has held the position of Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for many years and whose high Christian character is well known. It gives me great pleasure to present to you Mr. Justice Brewer.

JUSTICE BREWER'S ADDRESS

Mr. Smiley and ladies and gentlemen: Someone has wittily said that the ordinary American observes three days, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Sunday; on the first he shouts himself hoarse, on the second he feasts himself full and on the third he avoids sin by sleeping all day. I think Mr. Smiley must have made a mistake today—at least I thought so, when I looked over the menu at dinner—and confused the Fourth of July with Thanksgiving Day and meant for us to celebrate both at the same time.

That same witty man might have added that we also have three birds, the eagle for the Fourth of July, the turkey for Thanksgiving and the night-owl for Sunday.

We are called a boastful people; but we ought to be thankful for some things and have a just pride in others. We may rightly be thankful for the things that Providence has furnished, for the magnificently fertile and broad valley of the Mississippi, our great lakes, the two ranges of mountains and unsurpassed rivers and harbors, with their inexhaustible supply of minerals. These things Providence has given us and we may and ought to be thankful for them.

We may also take a just pride in the things that we have done, for few nations have done more than we, or in a shorter time. It is only 132 years since the bells in Philadelphia proclaimed the birth of a new nation, a nation which had then but a small population scattered along the Atlantic shore, and now has 80,000,000 of people within our continental possessions between the two oceans. It was said of Daniel Webster:

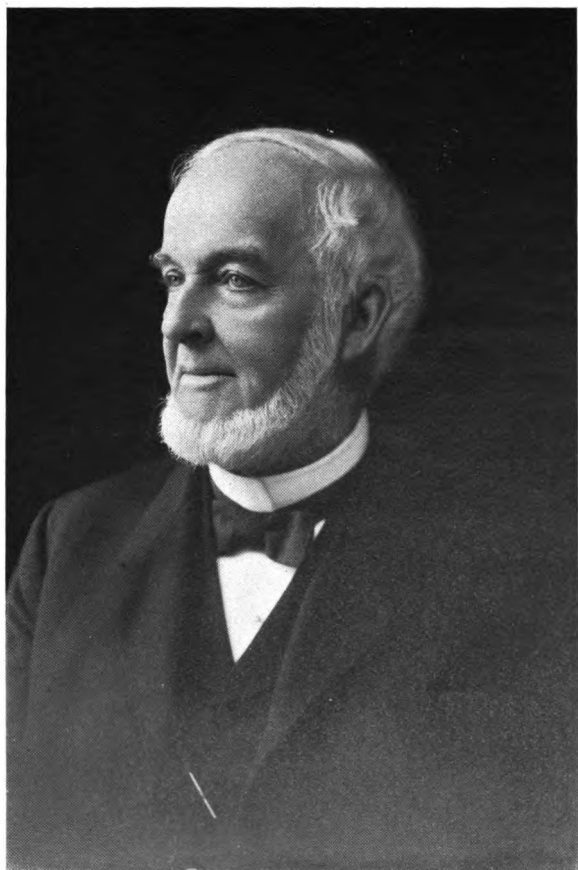
“ His land was but a shelving strip,
Black with the strife that made it free;
He lived to see its banners
Dip their fringes in the western sea.”

We fought the greatest civil war in history, a war great not merely in the size of the armies that were gathered, in the courage that was shown, but also in the heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion of those who on the two sides met in honest conflict. We piled up a debt of three thousand millions to carry that war to an end and we have already paid

two thousand millions of it. We are digging a canal through a mountain chain to make the Atlantic and the Pacific one, and to realize more profoundly the thought of Columbus of a new route to the Orient, bringing at the same time the two shores of our nation closer together. We have railroad mileage surpassing that of any other nation in the world and almost equaling that of all other nations combined. We have run tunnels through mountains and under rivers, in order to increase our facilities of communication. We have the most inventive genius of any nation. The records of the Patent Office show that over 800,000 patents have been issued and issued for all conceivable things, from an improvement in a collar-button to the powerful electric engine. We have a manufacturing industry extending through the entire country, furnishing employment to millions of toilers and supplying not merely our homes but the foreign market with the best things which human skill can devise and manufacture. We produce every year from our fields food enough not merely for our own people but also for the many nations on the face of the earth. These things we have done and are doing and we may justly be proud of them.

I know that, in the accumulation of wealth, in the ostentatious display which is often seen in some of our large cities, many behold only the foreshadowing of decay and ruin. They point to the pyramids of Egypt—standing as silent witnesses to a departed civilization and to the fallen palaces and crumbling statues which tell of the vanished glory of Greece and Rome. They call our attention to the marvelous feasts for which Lucullus and others were famed, and say that we are traveling the same road, that we shall see luxury, vice, decay and ruin, but I believe there is something better for us; I think there is both prayer and prophecy in those closing words of Whittier's Centennial Hymn

“ Oh make thou us through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around the priceless heritage of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law.
And cast in some diviner mold
Let the new cycle shame the old.”



Albert K. Smiley

I know it is common for a Fourth of July speech to be given up to the telling of the marvelous things that we have done in these material directions. Pardon me if I depart therefrom and suggest some other matters which to my mind give better assurance of permanent and increasing glory to this nation.

And first, the universal education that prevails. In the ancient civilizations there were a few learned men but the great mass were absolutely ignorant. Today we have eighteen million boys and girls in school, and many of the states have truant laws in order to bring within the limits of the teacher's power and influence the children of unwilling parents. For it is the purpose of this Republic that no boy or girl shall grow to manhood or womanhood destitute of the blessings of an education. Boys and girls, for we educate the girls as well as the boys, a thing that was not thought of a century and a half ago. You remember Queen Christine said to Mademoiselle Dacier, "Are you not ashamed of yourself, you are so beautiful, to be so learned?" As though beauty and knowledge were incompatible. Now the schools are open to the girls as well as the boys, and both sexes are led along the highways of knowledge. And do you believe that an educated people are going to give way to the temptations of a few wealthy and ostentatious men and become the willing slaves of a mere vicious display? When Abraham Lincoln said that he believed in and trusted the plain people, he did not mean either those in palatial homes or those in the slums, but he thought of the honest farmer toiling on his farm, and the honest laborer working in his shop, and those who in the middle ranks were carrying the great burden of the nation's work and life and who were and are still honest and patriotic, and if ever the time, which God forbid, shall come when a necessary call is made upon these plain people to rise in defense of their liberties, the defense of this flag, the armies will be so large that they will stretch from ocean to ocean.

I say we are educating the girls. They are no longer looked upon as destined to be only nurses or kitchen girls, they are to become the companions, counselors, and best friends of their husbands. It is said that giving them knowl-

edge tends to make them independent. Well, I am glad of it. Three or four years ago I went to Vassar College and delivered the commencement address. After the address as I walked with Mrs. Kendrick and my wife back to the main buildings, three members of the graduating class passed, evidently not seeing or at least recognizing us, for I heard one of them say most earnestly to the others, "I am disgusted, two-thirds of the girls are engaged already." That simply showed that the young men of this country have good sense and know where to get a good thing.

Milton, the great English epic poet said, in his picture of our first parents, before their sin and fall:

"For contemplation he, and valor formed; for
softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

I object to that word "softness." Although it may spoil the meter, it is more correct to substitute the word gentleness. The sex is not soft, they are not creatures of putty.

I remember hearing a story of a scientific gentleman much engrossed in his investigations, whose wife was quite garrulous and had a world of curiosity—I believe that is said to be a vice, or misfortune of the sex. Someone has said that Lot's wife was on account of her curiosity turned into a pillar of salt, and that if curiosity was punished now as it was then, this fair land of ours would be dotted all over with saline pillars of a departed sex, but of course that is not so. Now this wife was inquisitive and annoyed her husband by her questions and suggestions, much interfering with his studies. In the course of time she died, and after the proper interval he married again and went on a wedding tour. When he came back someone asked him what sort of a time he had had. "Oh," he said, "a most excellent time; I have the best wife in the world, she don't know a blankety-blank thing." Now that kind of a wife no man wants—at least no intelligent man. An education they say gives them an independence. I am glad of it.

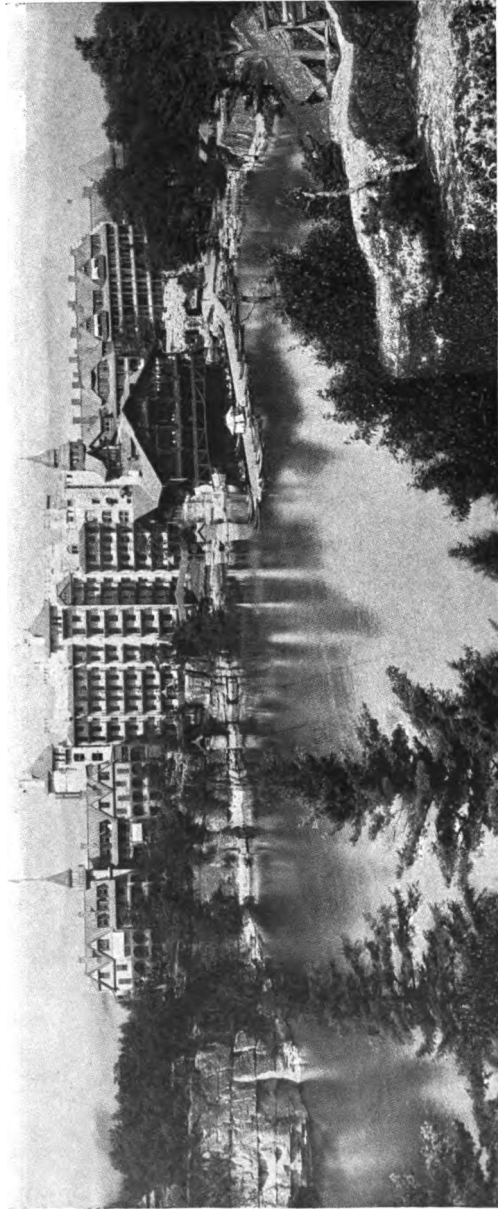
Some of us, perhaps all of us, occasionally read the Bible, and there is in it a passage which husbands and wives are very apt to dispute about: "wives obey your husbands." In

our constitutional history there have been two schools of thought, one of strict constructionists, contending that every word should be taken as it is written, and be given its exact meaning and none other. The other, the liberal constructionists, holding that the words should generally be given their ordinary meaning, but that if necessary, the public welfare may qualify that interpretation. Now, I have always noticed that the husband is a strict constructionist and when he reads he emphasizes the word "obey." But the wife, on the other hand, is a liberal constructionist. She obeys when it is wise, but when it seems to her that the family welfare would be better served, she quietly ignores the obedience. But none of us are any longer troubled on that score. I have had a little experience, have been married twice, had a promise to obey at one time and not in the other. I do not see that it made a particle of difference. While woman has gone into public life within the last fifty years, and is no longer confined to the home as she was three-quarters of a century ago, while she is taking an active part in public affairs, while her influence is felt directly upon the public activities of the day, the time will never come when she will cease to be the queen of the home. There is not a married man but what knows, if he is sensible, that he had better leave all the management of his house to his wife. There is a deftness in her touch that no man can equal. You go into a bachelor's quarters, no matter how methodical and precise he may be, and then into a home where a woman has arranged the parlor, and you see the difference in a minute. And in the quiet peacefulness of the home she will always be supreme, the trusted adviser, counselor and friend, and she will give instruction in a great many things, to her husband, wise as he may be. The fact of it is we all know she is a born teacher, and the man that heeds what his wife says is very apt to get along better than one that puts her to one side.

I have referred to this for the sake of saying that in my judgment no nation where all the people are educated is ever going to sink in the scale of civilization. It is bound to go up. Hand in hand, husband and wife, man and woman, will toil in uplifting the nation and adding to its glory.

Another thing I want to speak of, and that is, there is a growing and purified sense of manhood and womanhood. Manhood and womanhood imply both subjective and objective duties. A man who appreciates what manhood requires is himself manly. He is just, he is true, he is honest, he is pure, he is righteous. And a woman who recognizes womanhood in its truest sense is gentle, refined, delicate, pure. And there is in this country both on the part of the men and women a growing and deepening and purified sense of manhood and womanhood. It is not wholly personal, but it reaches to all our relations in life. Take the sailors and soldiers in our army. If that gallant admiral who now lies on a bed of sickness and pain, who was to be here this evening, whom we all love and are proud of, was present, I should have no hesitation, in appealing to him to substantiate my statement, a statement which I have heard from many of our army and naval officers, that the character of the army and navy, both officers, soldiers and sailors has wonderfully improved during the last half century. The gross brutality that was not uncommon has passed away. The officers are gentlemen, and they treat the sailors and soldiers as though they were men and not mere servants, and in consequence the men themselves treated in that way are of a higher character and respond more fully and faithfully to the calls of duty. And I have heard it said by those who are in a position to know whereof they speak, that there is not a navy or an army on the face of the globe that has in its officers, sailors and soldiers, a higher style of men than those of the American army and navy. It means we are recognizing manhood as meaning something, a duty to ourselves in our own lives and also a duty to others.

Nor is this the only illustration. Some of you have read the writings of Howard and Miss Dix, who visited the penitentiaries of England and other like places years ago, and remember the revolting pictures of the conditions of those penitentiaries and jails. You recall Dickens telling us in some of his stories of the horrible things to be seen in a debtors prison. Now we have abolished imprisonment for debt excepting in cases of fraud and then the punishment is not for the indebtedness but the fraud perpetrated in its contraction.



LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Our prisons and jails are palaces compared with those that existed a hundred years ago and the prisoners are treated as men and women.

In Kansas the penitentiary was a few miles from my home in Leavenworth. Major Hopkins was warden for many years. He enforced discipline, but without brutality of punishment or a harsh word. It was a model prison, and it was one of the pleasant things on the Fourth of July—for I used to go there most every Fourth of July and speak to the prisoners—to see the ex-convicts, fifteen, thirty, forty or fifty in number, come back in order to shake hands with and see how Major Hopkins was getting along. He had treated them as men and women and they respected and loved him for it, and they went out from that penitentiary better men and better women for the very reason that they had been placed under the care of one who had so treated them.

We have abolished many barbarous punishments of days gone by; they used to hang a man for almost any offense, even for stealing a couple of shillings. Now, capital punishment is confined to two or three offenses. There is a growing tendency toward humanity in the treatment of the criminal. The parole system prevails in many states, and after some confinement the prisoner who behaves himself is allowed to go at large, reporting from time to time, and so long as he lives a decent honorable life he is permitted to be with his family at home. All this shows the growing sense of manhood and womanhood which is teaching us to recognize the sublime truth not merely the fatherhood of God, but also of the brotherhood of man.

One thing more—for I do not want to weary you—I am afraid I have already done so—and that is the matter of religion. We do not worry much about creeds and dogmas. We do not discuss predestination and free-will. I might safely hazard a guess that probably there are not half a dozen here who can tell the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation. Theologians say that religion is at an ebb. It is not that; theology may be at an ebb. If I may quote the language of Wall Street, I should say we in America are short on theology but long on religion. Jealousy between sects

is passing away. Some of you perhaps were here at one of the conferences, when on one morning Cardinal Gibbons of the Catholic Church officiated, on a second morning Bishop McVickar of the Episcopal Church, and on the third morning Dr. Lyman Abbott of the Congregational Church. Do you doubt that the prayers of those three men went with equal force up to the great white throne, or that the spirit of worship was each morning equally sincere and true? Bishop Paret of the Episcopal Church of Maryland, told me this incident. Some years ago he was invited to a gathering in Baltimore at which official rank was entitled to recognition. He met Cardinal Gibbons and said, "Cardinal, which has the higher rank, a Cardinal in the Catholic or a Bishop in the Episcopal Church?" The Cardinal quickly replied "I do not know. Let us not argue the question, but go in arm in arm." And they did. There was an ignoring of official distinctions, a recognition of the fact that each of them was serving the same Divine Master, walking by different roads towards that great congregation of the one church on high.

Again true religion expresses itself in the care that has been referred to by Mr. Smiley, of the mentally and physically disabled and unfortunate. I was at Worcester week before last and saw a great building there holding two thousand insane patients. At Ogdensburg two years ago I found the same thing. Seventy-five years ago things of that kind were unknown. Now it is almost literally true that under the teaching of careful instructors the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the blind see and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

And it expresses itself in the care of those who are bowed down by disease or poverty, as is shown in the lives of many individuals. Take General Sternberg as one. He had been the head of the medical department of the army and earned great distinction by the efficiency with which he had managed that department, and by the improvements he had made in its service. When he retired, as required by law at sixty-four years of age, instead of saying as some do, "Well my life-work is finished," he saw in cities, especially in the larger cities, like New York, tenement houses, many of them

mere shacks, and believing that Washington would be blessed if comfortable homes were provided for those in the lower walks of life, he undertook that work and as a result of his labors there have been built two hundred and forty brick houses, with two apartments in each house, that is, homes for four hundred and eighty families, with plenty of sunlight, fresh air and pure water and all sanitary conveniences in each apartment, and, excepting for the size, just as convenient as many of the larger homes in the city. Four hundred and eighty families have come out from tenements, such as we find in many places, and are dwelling in these homes. There is an inspector who regularly goes around, not interfering with any family life but watching everything to see that all is kept clean and neat, so that the homes shall be, though small, model homes for the poorer classes. Well, you would think that was work enough for one man. But at the same time he has been president of the Citizens Relief Association, which collects funds and distributes them for the relief of those who need immediate help. And that is not all. Like Alexander the Great, he sought for more worlds to conquer, and he has gone twenty or thirty miles out from Washington and established a tuberculosis sanitarium, where twenty or thirty patients are treated according to the most approved scientific methods. All of this work he has done without pay and from the spirit of brotherly love.

Some of you may, as I have done, stood by the bedside of a loved daughter and seen the white plague lay its hand upon her, and the pale face grow paler and the thin body grow thinner until at last the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken, and all that I could do was to take with tender hands her pale and sacred clay and place it in the bosom of mother earth. Do you wonder that I look upon that man as one of nature's noblemen, and that I rejoiced to join with others in a testimonial on his seventieth birthday for the good work he has done for the suffering and needy and those whom science alone can well help.

Well that is only a sample. Some of you may have been in the slums of our cities and seen the wretched tenements of

four, five or six stories, where whole families are gathered in single rooms without any sanitary conveniences, with scarcely a ray of sunlight and very little fresh air or pure water, and wondered at the lives there lived. Now, all over this land, a great effort is being made to change these conditions—take Miss Jane Addams, for illustration; a lady of means, of culture and refinement, who has gone to the Hull House in Chicago, in one of the worst districts in that city, and there has worked day by day. She has her lecture-room, scientific apparatus, printing presses and things of that kind, and she gathers from the hopelessly poor and strives to lift up to a better life, tries to put into them a hope and ambition and aspiration for something in the future. Does she not know the meaning of the Master's words in his picture of the final judgment, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

And it is not one individual alone. In all our large cities there are noble men and noble women that are doing just that work. Is this country going downward or upward? Is our civilization a failure or is it a success? Is it promising better things in the future or promising worse? These things move me, and I cannot help it. I beg your pardon if I have departed from the ordinary style of a Fourth of July address, but as I get old—well I am not eighty, I am past seventy, I feel as though I should not spend my life in trying to simply make fun. I believe in fun, I believe in a laugh. But I feel, that so far as I can, I should, without trespassing upon the patience of others, try to put in motion forces, or to help forces already in motion, which are tending to make this nation in the truest sense of the word the hope of humanity. And now let me close with these beautiful words of Longfellow:

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

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